vest, cuffs and collar of dark blue vel

vet. This goods cost sixty cents a yard, and, being very wide, an economical cutter can get a dress out of eight yards. The trimmings will cost about \$5, linings and all, so that

The other is a dress copied exactly after one just finished for the runaway

laughter of the Italian, Morosini, no

daughter of the Italian, Morosini, now Mrs. Victoria Schilling. She is a tall, stylish girl and always dresses with good taste. This costume is of pale green faille and dark green volvet-striped silk of three shades of green. The silk is used for the front of the skirt and vest. This dress is particularly suitable in model to make up with the pretty new ginghams which

with the pretty new ginghams which

come in stripes and plain goods to match. Fashionable folly can go no farther than it is now in the matter of

expensive and ostentations hospitality. Pink luncheous, where everything is pink—the flowers, the

classes, to say nothing of th

ISS VAN ACKEN'S IMPOSTED TRAVELS

cakes, rices, and everything eatable—are the rage. They are costly, like all rages. The gifts which are presented to the guests are valuable, and they, with the flowers alone, would cost enough to furnish food a month for

twenty poor families. Dinners almost rival those of ancient times, when

canaries' tongues were the commones dish, and each person tries to outshin

theother. So it goes, and the people who give these grand entertainments are not half so happy or contented at the farmer's wife, whose neighbor come to tea and bring their knitting.

Pinking as a finish is now the fash

ionable trimming for every materia that will bear it. The very pretty

and simple walking gown we show below depends for its grace upon the

deep pinked out scollops at the bot-tom of the fronts. The model of this

tume taken from the trousseau of Mis-

Van Auken, the granddaughter of the well-known old "Commodore Garri-sion." The front breadth was of

salmon-cotored ladies' cloth, and the rest in dark blue of the same mate-

rial, the waist being laid in bias folds

of blue and gray, with one narrow stripe down the middle of salmon

color. The directoire hat is of blue

figure beside it represents one of the

newest agonies in wraps. It is of plaid wool, trimmed with drab velvet

and ribbons. The hat with this is

The last two figures represent dressy

nd handsome tollettes for home wear

One is modeled after a gown made for Mrs. Carrie Wilson, she who was Miss Carrie Astor. I is of a rich wood-brown cashing, with pinked edges

marked good taste ar learning leity, and can be copie in a material. The

collar is movable. can be replaced with a handsome collar and jabot of

lace, which will render it dressy

TOILETS FOR HOME WEAR

Citylwomen grow aged and wrinkled

with their cares and worries, their vain strivings to outshine each other, and their late hours and fashionable

follies long before their country sisters lose their first bloom, in spite of their

harder physical labor; and, speaking

of wrinkles reminds me of two or three

recipes which I have for preventing

or hiding those very things; these I ob tained while in France, from the fa

mous Mme. Marie Blanc, who was the

owner of the great gambling house at Monaco, which was the source of that enormous wealth which portioned off

her daughters so well that one is now a princess, and the other married an

other impecunious nobleman. In those countries the more money you

are willing to pay the higher a title you can get with your husband; and

This first recipe is for a paste to ap-

ply to the face, and wear a mask over it. It is very softening and improv

ng: Ground barley, 3 ounces; strained soney, 1 ounce; white of 1 egg. Mix

Another very good and safe paste for the hands or face, which renders hem very soft and delicate: Yelks of

resh eggs, 3; oil of sweet almonds, easpoonsful; rosewater, 1 ounce; sim

le tineture benzoin, 36 drops. Stir he benzoin into the rosewater before

dding the rest. These two above are

The Unity Club.

The Unity Club met last night in large

umbers in Mrs. Morrison's parlors, 811

Thirteenth street. The essayist was

Colonel W. F. Switzler, who gave incl-

dents of his first visit to Henry Clay forty

more preservative than curative.

no dowry, no husband.

enough for a dinner or reception.

It is made with

velvet with gray velvet bows.

trimmed in scarlet.

suit was a traveling and street

souvenirs, the

### JOTTINGS IN JUDEA.

A Young American Seaman's Experience in Palestine.

Various Eventful Experiences in Sight-Seeing About the City.

THE STREETS OF JERUSALEM

In our progress through the streets which led to the bazar, it behooved us to pick our steps with considerable caution and squeeze in as much as possible, in order to prevent a collision with, and consequent upsettal by, a horde of gentlemen whose province it apparently was to struggle along with goatskins full of water strapped to their backs and utterly oblivious of the fact that their fellow-man had any rights whatever to the highways.

It is to be hoped that the reader has not imagined that the thoroughfares of Jerusalem are spacious, or well paved, or that they have sidewalks, or are straight, or that, in fine, they are at all worthy of the name of streets, because if she or he has, she or he has been gravely in error in so imagining. David has observed in the 3d verse of Psalm CXXII that "Jerusalem is builded as a city that is contrast together." compact together." Now, it is humbly presumed that David looked a long way alread when he wrote thus, for its compacture could be no greater without its being absolutely consolidated. In that event we should have been compelled to travel over the house tops. I find it difficult to present a correct picture of

A JERUSALEM THOROUGHPARE. The only thing like it that I can at present call to remembrance, exists in the city of Liverpool, Eng. There is situated a street that is at once superlatively crooked and narrow, evidently designed and built by an admirer of a dog's hind leg, for it exactly represents the contour of one. It bears the highly appropriate ap-pellation of "Crooked Lane" and it is in the near vicinity of the Liverpool custom house. Shear this street of its sidewalks, loosen its pavement, and tear it up in several places, substitute low, dingy, flat-roofed stores for its warehouses of brick, fill it from stem to stern with a howling congregation of baggy pantalooned porters, camel drivers, water-carriers and ragged crip-ples and sprinkle in by way of vari-ety a miscellaneous conglomeration of foreigners from far away, and you have at once a good looking Jeru-salem thoroughfare.

On approaching an acute angle of one of these streets we suddenly en-countered six camels in single file, laden with merchandise and led by a jackass with a bell around his neck t is almost superfluous to add that the a camel is quite spacious enough for a Jerusalem thoroughfare without any addition being made to it in the shape of a couple of bales. Most of us escaped being walked over by dint of rushing with great agility into a provision store near by; but the remainder—amongst them but the remainder—amongst them our guide Mahomet—not being so fortunate, squeezed themselves in between barrels of pickled sprats, rocks of congealed goat's milk destined in the near future to be outraged by being called cheese baskets of macaroni, beans and various other etables too numerous to mention, that were ranged outside the door, and thanked something—their stars maybe—perhaps Mahomet thanked Mahomet—that they were

MAHOMET'S MISFORTUNE. Mahomet reckoned without his host, however, for his capilibrium receiving an unexpected shock, he planked stern first into one of the crocks. How this came about is easily explained. The rear camel failing to starboard his belm sufficiently, brought his port bale to bear on Mahomet's bread-basket, thus causing him to keel over and ruin his best pantaloons in a bath of stinking milk. That Mahomet wore an ugly grin, booted choice Arabic, flung his arms around wildly, and endeavored to regain his pedals with the object of rendering the caravan driver hideons, may be rightly imag-But he failed to extricate himself in time; he was jammed so tightly that two of us found it difficult to release him, and when we succeeded in doing so, I must say he smelt anything but sweet. It would be no great won-der if his pantaloons, providing they in existence, retain the smell to this day. Of course we had to scrape him, and of course the storekeeper claimed damages, which of course he obtained, but whether 'twas in specie or not. I leave the reader to guess

Notwithstanding that we had al-adv been sufficiently bored to have wished for the might of Sampson and a good jawbone, for the purpose of exter-minating the unholy and ubiquitous neddlers, we were destined in the very next street to be further persecuted by a purveyor of shoddy. This crank, who, for aught I know, may have been a "lineal descendant" of Pontius Pilate, from his physiognomy, which bore a striking resemblance to that of that illustrious gentleman's-as por trayed by a painting in the "Church of Ecce Homo"-represented himself as THE ORIGINAL "YANKEE JIM"

from "Feel-him-a-dell-fee-yah," and in the "antimagalican fashion" (if one may coin a phrase) peculiar to his class entreated us to "comee rite intey de storey and strikey one bargain. was given to understand in a and decided English that we did not pay Jerusalem a visit for the purpose of striking bargains, as furthermore warned to "keep off," or very disagreeable con sequences might ensue. Plain lan guage was, however, unavailing and he followed us, caught us by the arms, vehemently insisted, in his diabolical English, that "Yanks" invariably patronized him when in Jerusalem, and muttered something which sounded like his being jig gered if he was "agoin' to lette us ago thatey away." Much more need not be said; our cup of bitterness was overflowing; and so was his after one of our number had almost succeeded in spoiling a brand new pair of American shoes over him After a little more meandering and less importuning than had hitherto fallen to our lot, we reached the bazar. Of all the marts I have ever

"THE JERUSALEM BAZAR," speaking "Chicagoically," assuredly takes the whole hog. It is none of your dead and alive places; it is in one sense of the word entirely progressive. You've got to go ahead or be stamped on; there's no standing still. Circumstances have favored me with an opportunity of visiting a few bazars in my time, notably the ones at Stamboul and Bombay; but they are slow compared to this. They don't drive oxen and with comparatively little to inter-

and sheep through the bazars at thos places; they prefer driving them a more round-about way. I would ad-vise all intending visitors to this ba-zar, that is if they are the possessors of pet corns, and entertain any regard for them, to be circumspect when parley-ing with the store-keepers with a view they stand a good solid chance of got-ting them squashed. My best advice is to walk straight through and be safe. In an unthinking moment I was de-luded into buying a few towels, and I shall never forget it. I was on the point of hauling out money to pay for them when, all of a sudden an ox dashed in between me and the store-keeper and stamped on my right foot. Ever since that eventful moment I have used the little cloquence I possess in trying to persuade persons that the poet who wrote "Life is but a dream," was a fraed and knew pothing about life. I care not who he may be, whether known to fame or not, I can't mince matters. I experienced for the next few days that my life was anything "but a dream." It was too excruciatingly agonizing to be flattered by any

such term. The Jerusalem bazar may be described briefly as a tortuous, covered street, divided into several hundred ten-foot compartments, each repre-senting a store, presided over by a long-bearded Turk or Jew, who sits stoically on a board with legs crossed and apparently indifferent whether he selis or not.

he selis or not.

Almost anything in the shape of gorgeous woolen and cotton stuffs, (haberdashery, which is "English, you know.") relies of Jerusalem, slippers, shoes, hubble-bubbles, sandais, groceries, drugs and paints; and even paneakes and fried rice pudding can be bought here. We did not stay long in the beauty we had not stay long in the beauty we had not stay long in the beauty we had not stay. long in the bazar; we just prowled through—I imped—then we made directly for the Armenian Convent, sit

MOUNT ZION, the hill which is deemed by many de yout persons to be the chiefest in importance in the world, from the fact of it having been so many times al-luded to, in the beautiful language of

David, as well as by numerous other writers of Holy Script. In books which I have read dealing with the topography of the Holy City, Mt. Zion is described as a somewhat lofty elevation occupying the south-west portion of the city; so it is, and does; its height above the level of the sea is 2,200 feet, and its height above the sea is 2,200 rect, and its neight above the valleys of Himmon and Gihen, as given by Dr. Robinson, is not less than 300 feet. This, however, only becomes apparent when it is viewed from without the walls. When inside one cannot realize that Jerusalem is built on four hills, because of the al-most level surface of the ground, but such is the case; history confirms it, besides, Mahomet said so and he ought to have known. We had all, previous to this, read or heard something about Jerusalem having been many times destroyed and rebuilt, bu that the effect of this would be to fill vast valleys and thus transform a city f hills and dales into an almost leve plateau, we had scarcely imagined We expected at least to have to make

our way up some sort of a respectable incline in order to reach the summit of Mount Zion, but our expectations were not realized. What would—had we been left to our own resources for nformation-have proved a dull, uninteresting and tiresome walk was delightfully modified by the elo-quence of Mahomet. Few Jerusalem guides, it is safe to say, possess such store of antiquarian lore or the necessary wind power to give it vent as he. He was forever explaining, and notwithstanding that he carried with him the odor of about forty seven fully developed Arab cheese factories, he made it appear as though history had attached itself to every stone on our route. What with his information respecting the traditions and dimensions of towers, walls and streets and the habits and various modes of living of the Mahometan

and Jews, our progress was nothing short of instructive. Almost every place of interest sitnated on Mount Zion relies solely on tradition for its importance. Many events associated with that Mount are, as we all know, mentioned in the Bible. But the Bible—in the sense I mean-cannot be considered as an ordinary guide-book. Details are not furnished whereby the exact sites on which such and such an event occurred can be pointed out. mere passing reference is all that given. Therefore, how are we to know that the places as shown to us to day are the very ones, if not by The Romans, and after them the Saracens, did not trouble themselves about leaving any writings plans wherewith places connected with and death of our Saviour follows, then, that with out we are prepared to give a preposterous as some of them seem we might as well view Jerusalem

skeptically at once and consider all places traditional as so many monkish inventions. Recent excavations have done much to enlighten us concerning the walls and foundations of the ancient city; they cannot do more But there is one great comfort to be taken by every visitor to Jerusalem. However much the lites of various incidents connected with Scripture may have varied in the handing down from father to son, the satisfaction of being certain that they are somewhere within these limits, and that if only aware of it, we are in view of other of equal importance, and of which no record has been kept, should be ample

The places I shall endeavor to de scribe are believed by many earnest pilgrims to be authentic; and from that fact alone ought to be worthy of the utmost consideration. The first of Mount Zion's noteworthy buildings to

be visited was THE ARMENIAN CONVENT. Passing from the street through ow and narrow, yet massive, doorway we entered a large paved court-yard, whose sombreness, coupled with the death-like stillness that prevailed, safficed more in one moment to fix upon our minds a remembrance of it than ould have done innumerable volume

written by the most eminent topogra-

Huge walls inclosed us on the right. penderous dark, prison-like stone adding, with several small barred windows let in, rearred itself on our left.
In front of us stood—Hyperion to a satyr like—a white marble fronted structure, inlaid with numerous Gothic niches, each niche containing a beautifully executed mosaic picture of some saint. The entrance to this was particularly tasteful, being surmounted by a finely sculptured Gothi arch. Thinking at first that the build-ing was a church, we desired to enter, but being informed that it was the entrance to the monks' dwelling place, and not wishing to intrude upon their privacy, we contented ourselves by dmiring its exterior and passed or On turning its corner a remarkable and striking scene unfolded itself.

cept our view, could be seen the moun-tains of Meab, a portion of the Dead See, the walls, towers and gates of the city on its southwestern side, the coneteries of the Armenians, Copts and Greeks, a shed-like marble building, containing the tombs of the Armenian patriarchs, and the various chapels

connected with the convent.

Making our way past an single olive tree, inclosed by a railing, which was, as Mahomet informed as, the identical tree to which Christ was bound by the soldiers, whilst waiting to be brought before the high priest Annas, we entered a very fine chapel, said to be built on the site of the before-named high priest's palace. We were very much struck by the costliness of everything that surrounded us. Rich, though somewhat differently exeonnected with the convent. though somewhat differently exe-cuted oil paintings from those of the great European masters, adorned the walls; the floor was of pure white marble, interlaid with mosaic work; the altar, with its candelabra and rich ornaments, was grandeur in itself. The patriarch's chair—a finely gilded one—in the chancel; three stones brought from different sources, viz., from Mount Tabor, Mount Sinai and the place of Christ's baptism on the Jordan, and a large painting repre-senting the "Slaughter of the Inno-cents," occupied our chief attention.

THE HEAD OF ST. JAMES. Passing down the left aisle we were shown a niche containing a shrine, in which is preserved, so tradition says, the head of St. James, who was beheaded by order of Herod the Great. Precious as this preserved head may be, the sight of it is hardly relishable. To view, for long, a brass urn let into a marble slab, and filled with congealed blood and what looks like a piece of raw beef, tightly maried down is calculated to make a hungry man feel as if he had been overloading his

After leaving the chapel and pursuing a winding pathway for some dis-tance, we found ourselves in front of a very old and peculiarly shaped flat-roofed stone building, said to contain the Coenaculum, or room where Christ originated the Sacrament. The interior of this room is in a very neg-lected condition, being devoid of fur-niture or decoration of any description —unless three red stone pillars, sur-mounted by four Saracen-looking arches, which formed the supports of the roof, can be called decorations. The plaster on the walls seemed to have fallen off in large patches; the floor was the bare ground, and altogether its appearance suggested ruin, without any kind of an effort being made to stay it. Besides the Last Supper room, the building contains, if Mahometan tradition be correct, and it seems to be on or about at a par with ours, the tomb of David.

#### UNFIT FOR HABITATION. The City Postoffice Severely Con-

demned by the Health Office. City Postmaster Ross is naturally mough disgusted with and alarmed by the wretched quarters occupied by the City Postoffice. On the 5th instant he wrote Health Officer Townshend the following letter: "There are so many of the employes of

this office prostrated with illness that I am induced to believe the sanitary conam induced to believe the sanitary condition of this building ought to be inquired into. I am especially desirous of having an inspection made by your office on that account and also that I may submit an official report as to its condition to the Postmaster-General."

Health Officer Townshend, Chief Clerk McGing, Plumping Inspector Religion.

Condition to the Postmaster-General."

Health Officer Townshend, Chief Clerk McGinn, Plumbing Inspector Robinson and his assistant, Mr. Murphy, and Sanitary Inspector Shepherd made a thorough inspection of the premises, and the Health Officer has reported as follows:

"By way of preface, and before entering into the nauseous details of this inspection, I desire to say that this is not the first time that this building has been inspected. The officers of the Government have before had their attention called to the outrage upon decency and criminal callousness as to its sanitary conditions, evidenced by the crowding of employes into such buildings as this, and the Marini Hall building on E street, and holding them in polluted atmospheres, against every protest of the sanitarian."

The building referred to is built of brick, and is six stories in height with basement. It is old, dilapidated and in a sanitary point of view unsuited to the purposes for which used.

The drains are all defective. The cellar is 6 feet 3 inches below the curb level and contains 8 rooms, in which 30 persons are employed, and these rooms have been frequently flooded by back-water from sewers, and the air at the time of inspection was foul in the extreme. The water-closets, etc., have defective connections with the sewer, and are not ventilated. Mold and mildew on the valuable articles there stored gave evidence of continual dampness, and the nostrils rebelled at the

there stored gave evidence of continual dampness, and the nostrils rebelled at the odors pervading the place. The sewer connections and closets on the different floors are discussed and condemned. There are 150 persons employed on the first floor, and 100 on the second floor. A general air of dilapidation per-yades the third floor. The three top ades the third floor. The three top loors are abandoned on account of their

nsecure condition.

Taking the building as a whole it is unit for human habitation. Some rooms
where men, and even women, are forced to pass hours every day, are simply abominable, and it is an outrage upon decency and an insult to the intelligence of the day that the Government will per-sist in forcing its servants to labor with such conditions surrounding them.

#### THE HOUSE OF DEATH.

BY LOUISE CHANDLER MOULTON,

ne of those which Mrs. Moulton chose to re cite at the authors' memorial reading at Cam-bridge on Longfellow's birthday. Before reading it Mrs. Moulton said: "As Colonel Higginson has so tenderly alinded to my friend who is dead (Philip Bourke Marston), I friend who is dead (Philip Bourke Marston), I will first read to you his favorite in my volume of poems. The House of Death,' founded on a passage in 'Castilian Days' by Colonel John Hay, where he speaks of the Spanish custom of closing a house whence one well beloved has been carried, locking its doors and leaving it as the menument of the dead that had been so dear until it too shall crumble into dust and be dead." At the request of a large number of the readers of the Traveller we take pleasure in again possenting this exquisite poem.—Boston Traveller.

Not a hand has lifted the latchet Since she went out of the door.— No footstep shall cross the threshold, Since she can come in no more.

There is rust upon locks and hinges. And mold and blight on the walls. And silence faints in the chambers. And darkness walts in the halls,—

Waits as all things have waited Since she went, that day of spring. Borne in her pallid splendor To dwell in the Court of the King.

With lilies on brow and bosom, With robes of silken sheen. And ber wonderful frozen beauty The lilies and slik between.

Red roses she left behind her.
But they died long long ago.
Twas the odorous glasst of a blossom,
That seemed through the dusk to glow.

The garments she left mock the shadows, With hints of womanly grace. And her image swims in the mirror That was so used to her face. The birds make insolent music

Where the sunshine riots outside.

And the winds are merry and wanton
With the summer's pemp and pride.

But into this desolate mansion, Where Love has closed the do Sor sunshine nor summer shall enter Since she can come in no more.

The Sales of Cashmere Bouquet exceed in amount the importations of all illet scaps, as shown by the U. S. 1886

# BONNETS AND SUITS.

The Proper Styles for the Forthceming Season.

ECONOMICAL SUGGESTIONS.

Hints to Ladies Who Desire a Good Face Preparation.

NEW YORK, March 9.—Spring, gentle spring, is here, though people who live in the country may wonder how city folks find it out. We have three infallible means of knowing, and they are-first, the bue in the ladies' nose changes from red and blue to their normal tint; second, the band organs and lilles of the valley are to be seen, and third, the crowded state of the leading stores. In these the reflective person is made to think of the countries of Europe, where every power is watching the other as cats do mice. How the powers spy upon each other the newspapers tell us, and each knows to a pound of powder all the purchases of others whom

they suspect of preparing for a campaign. Well they cannot watch rival powers more closely than women watch each other's purchases. They may not be acquainted at all, may even belong to entirely different sets or towns. but they look on each other with lively suspicion and incipient ha-tred, which is specifily developed into a real one if they see their stranger rivals buy a bandsomer

BI

gown than they can afford, or i SATEEN COSTUME. In ore becoming ndeed, I once saw a customer buy bonnet, and just as it was paid for another came up and claimed it as her property. The saleswoman came to the rescue, and the new comer declared that she had been there three times and had, after seeing all the other bonnets in town, decided on this, and now she wanted it. It was to no purpose that the saleswoman said she had neither paid a deposit nor even said she wanted it. She was deter-mined to have it, and the other one to keep it. They offered to make her another just like it, but no, that or none. It was a genuine satisfaction to me to see the real buyer make off with the bonnet, leaving the pre-tender to storm and threaten to with draw her custom, and finally get into her carriage and order her footman to home, where I fancy she



either had a good erv or took satisfac

SPRING SUITS FOR ECONOMICAL LADIES. Thousands of women do just so, They visit every store in the city to find just what will please their fancy, or that which is cheapest, and the they hate, snub and often elbow and

almost openly insult other buyers.
It is, and always has been, a wonder to me how women can pay such ex-travagant prices for things which their own common sense, that is, if they had any, would tell them were not worth ne-tenth what is asked. No wonder that men go crazy and commit suicide or retreat to Canada when their wives pay \$75 for a bonnet, as I saw a woman yesterday

If was a bonnet made of blue velvet with tiny silver stars embroidered all over it, and a brim at least twelve inches out over the face. The trim-ming consisted of shaded plumes, a silver arrow and a rosette of point lace. Seventy-five dollars! How many a oman could have an entire costume and a pretty one, too, on far less than hat and feel proud of it

This week I present the newest and prettiest styles for making up the new spring dress goods, the models being chosen for their easy adaptability to any material, from calico to silks and velvets. The bustle, it will be seen, has diminished one-half. We must e thankful for small favors, you

The sateen costume is really very pretty. The model is of maroon sateen trimmed with imitation Irish point lace, laid on flat, with a simulated vest of plum-colored velvet. At the back the drapery is gathered high and ample, and a wide sash of the same is looped and falls in two ends. This suit can be worn as a dressy house rown or can be worn with equal pro-priety in the street, and a handy young ady, with the excellent fitting pattern to be purchased nowadays, can make



RS. MOROSINI-SCHILLING'S PRETTY DRESS The next two costumes are made in the highest style prevailing for spring and summer. The dark one is of dark ne Sebastopol cloth, which resembles albatross very closely, but is rather softer and finer. It drapes very gracefully. It is trimmed by white lace panels laid smooth over pale blue silk, and by a simulate: THE POLICE "GYM."

A Movement in the Direction of the A determined effort is being made by the First Precinc policemen to cost about \$5, limings and all, so that it is not only a very pretty but inexpensive gown, providing the wearer makes it herself. The light dress is of gray bengaline, with a combination of gray bengaline with scaflet velvet raised flowers. Velvet collar, bands on the sleeves and point on the surplice corsage, as well as long flots of scarlet velvet ribbon, trim it in line taste. The flowers are pinked on establish a police gymnasium. The advantages of s ch un institution are manifest. If he police were taught how o use hel 1 sts more there

would be fewer instances of prisoners

being brutally clubbel into submission. Anent the subject, Colonel Moore, Superintendent of Police, said The flounces are pinked on to a Curric reporter yesterday after-noon when asked what he thought of the movement: "This movement has been started in the First Precinct, and as the men themselves pay for the material, it is as yet confined to that police command. As there are that potice command. As there are no funds from any appropriation of Congress that can be applied to this purpose, the entire expense must necessarily be borne by the men of hat precinct, and in this they are hisplaying commendable energy. Their duties, it is true, give them ali the necessary pedestrian exercise, but their desire is to have that kind of physical training which will enable them to cope with roughs. They have banded together and purchased some apparatus and made a beginning. They know full well that they should be able in every way to handle the most desperate of characters, with whom they are liable to come in contact at dinest any time, and there is a necessity that they have opportunities to render themselves thoroughly capable to cope with the peculiar classes they

are expected to watch.
"A policeman should be lively and active and know when to use his baton, his revolver, his fists or his feet. A prize-fighter trains for weeks or months for a single contest that may last fifteen minutes or an hour. But a policeman may have almost daily to meet and overpower just such people, who devote much attention to acquiring muscular perfection.
This step of the officers of the
First Precinct is a move in the right

direction. Having no help from Congress, these enterprising officers determined to help themselves, and I believe the results will be beneficial. not only to the men, but also to the

whole community.
"There should really be a thor oughly-equipped gymnasium for the whole force, where the men should be compelled to devote certain time to exercise regularly. Policemen are li-able at any time to be placed in a po-sition where presence of mind, com-bined with physical force, is brought into requisition. In many large citles facilities are afforded and require ments are made to adapt a policeman to his arduous, dangerous and respon-sible duties. There is not now in the Police Department a place where men can be drilled even in small bodies. Nor is there even a place where pistol practice can be held without dauger This last would be a valuable aid to po licemen. It is really a necessity that proper accommodations be furnished order that the men of the force may se properly drilled to meet any and every emergency.

TRAGEDY AT BRADFORD. Bold Assault Upon the Cashler of the Bank.

"A dispatch from Bradford, Pa., says At about 11 o'clock Tuesday morning a masked man named Kimball entered the Bradford National Bank with a revolver in his hand, and when midway between the paying teller's and discount clerk's desks, nimbly jumped over the high glass partition and made a grab for the money on the cashier's desk. The suddenness of the affair paralyzed the clerks, but Cashier Tomlinson rushed from his private office and seized the robber. As he did so he received a ball from a revolver in the hands of the villain over his left hip, going clear through him and coming out over the right. He dropped and the rob-ber escaped at the front door with the money and ran down a side street. "The report of the revolver attracted a crowd, and a number of citizens started in

erowd, and a number of citizens started in pursuit. Kimball (the robber) ran some distance, when he turned on his pursuers and shot A. L. Bleich, a butcher, in the abdomen, inflicting a dangerous wound. He then placed the revolver to his own head and fired. The ball entered at the temple and killed him instantly. The stolen money was found in an inside pocket of a rubber coat which in an inside pocket of a rubber coat which

he wore. Tomlinson and Bleich are fatally hurt "Tomlinson and Bleich are fatally hurt and cannot live. Kimball was about twenty-eight years old, and was a former employe of a producing firm. He was recently injured on the Eric road, near Stamburg, in an accident, for which he is said to have received several hundred dollars damages, since which time he has been here drinking heavily. He was for-merly a real estate agent in Garden City, Kansas, where his wife died, leaving two girls."

GOOD BOOKS.

As a sky that has no constellations.

As a country unwatered by brooks,
As a house that is empty of kindred,
Unillumined by loving looks,
So dull is the life of the people

Who know not the blessing of books.

Good books are the best of companions They help us to see with the eyes Of the great ones in ages historic— Dead saints at their bidding arise From the moss-mounded graveyards to teach us

That the truth which is lived never lood books are the kindest of neighbors They help us to know one another; hey show how the words "man" and

Have always meant "sister" and brother so they fan to life feelings fraternal That the dust of the work-day might

The books that we cherish are human, They are written from heart unto heart Now they move us to singing and laugh

Now they cause the warm tear-drop to We feel, as we read their fresh pages By the rose-breath of love blown apart Good books are an inspiratio

A spirit within stirs their leaves Vith the sigh of a burden prophetic. That warms and rejoices and grieves: The word of the vision receives Good books-who can measure their bles

Tell how it begins, where it ends? How they interweave Past, Presen Until Time with Eternity blends They are more than companions an neighbors; Good booksare the truest of friends.

Good books-they who build them sheiter,
A place among people to stay,
As helpers and guides and inspirers,
Our best benefactors are they.
And therefore the heart of this village To one friend is grateful to-day. —[Lucy Larcom

Police Court Notes. Richard E. Saunders was before th Police Court this morning charged with aving committed perjury in the case of Herman Dalker, convicted of seiling liquor on Sunday. Saunders was com-mitted for the grand jury in \$500 bonds. John Jackson, a white man, was charged in the Police Court this morning with assaulting Alonzo Curtis by shooting him in the arm Thursday night. Jackson said Alonzo Curtis with a crowd of other boys stoned his house and he fired to protect himself. He was released on his personal recognizance.

gents of his first visit to having only only only years ago, with sketches of men of note of that period. Mrs. Phillips, Miss Morrison, Miss Gaston and the promising young planist, Professor Xander, furnished the music, and Miss Hattie E. Wood and Mrs. Naylor gave very spicy and animated recitations.

Tun \$10,000 house-Potomac Pair

DAYS OF MINSTRELSY

Interesting Chat With a Burnt Cork

CLD TIME REMINISCENCES.

Artist.

Some of the Men Who Have Made Fortunes in the Business.

But few men have devoted more o their lives to the negro minstrel business than Frank Moran, whose conpany has been here this week. Though now over 60 years old his acts are as full of spontaneous fan as they were forty years ago, when he made his debut in cork.

He was refreshing himself with fragrant eigar after his evening's work helind the footlights when a Cerric reporter asked him last night to tell something about his experience in the minstrel business.

"The minstrel business," he said, "was a very different thing when I

began it from what it is at present Then the 'jaw-bones' were used These are the two jaw-bones of a cor horse, and were knocked together i the business that has gone entirely on of use. But few of the younge generation of minstrel lovers even

"My first work was with a pair of these jaw bones in the first part and singing. An attempt was made some time ago to revive the jaw bones, but it was a dead failure. They would now be hissed off the stage, though they were once one of the most popu-lar features of the first part.

THE PIRST PART, by the way, used to be a very different affair before the war from what t is now. Then every singer used to play an instrument. Besides the end man's bones and tambourines the others played on banjos, guitars, tri-angles, violins or something of that kind or else held dummies.

CHANGES OF THE WAR. "The war made a great change in the business. Variety people, especially from what would now be called 'dives. began to travel with minstrel shows, and the same is going on now. This is not legitimate minstrelsy. I regard our show as legitimate. No white-face business, red coats, court dress, Dutch or Irish turns, or in fact any-thing done in white face can be regarded as legitimate minstrelsy. Dock-stader made this innovation. Dockstader is an example of another kind of minstrel business that has gone out ffavor. There he is, with a splendid location, plenty of money to back his enterprise, and yet has to go out on the road early in the season simply because people want to see more than one good man in a show. A minstrel show to succeed has to be a combination of stars. Some people have an idea that the first part of a minstrel show is not popular. The truth is that if it was not for the first part the minstrel busi-ness would have died long ago."

"What section of the country pays best for a minstrel show?"

PORTUNES OF MINSTREIS. "The South, by long odds. In the South they not only get better prices, but draw larger houses. Some big fortunes have been made out of the minstrel business. Carneross, the Philadelphian, is the best minstrel manager in the United States, all because he knows the business thoroughly. Nothing is said or done in his show touching religion or polities, and besides he has the best man in the business to write his plays. That is Frank Howard. I regard him as by far the best producer of minstrel plays in the country. At Carneross's the bill is changed every week, local events are burlesqued and Frank Howard is without an equal in his line. Carncross's is the oldest minstrel band in the United States. It was organized in 1862, and has, with an interruption of two or three years, been playing continously ever since stay in Philadelphia

and are one of the features of the city. There are, I think, seventeen min strel bands on the road, outside of Carneross's, which is permanently lo-cated in Philadelphia." "Is the minstrel business a permanency among amusements?"

A PERMANENT PROPESSION.

"Yes, it will continue to be a good business. Minstrel men all make money, and many of them become very rich if they manage well. But they are a jolly whole-souled set, and are apt to go carousing around and lose their voices, and then, of course, that spoils them. THE STANDARD RISING.

"There is a constant tendency in the minstrel business to the employment of better artists, when they can be obtained. Years ago, before the modern light operas became so prevalent, the minstrel shows had the pick of the singers, but many of the best min-strel singers have left the business to sing in opera, not always because they

of them like it better." INTRODUCING VARIETY. Speaking of the gradual introduc tion of variety business into minstrel shows, which the veteran minstre characterizes as "illegitimate," he said: "Lydia Thompson's Company

was the first to do negro minstre business in white faces. These modern variety shows that are now playing in first-class theatres, such a Bunch of Keys, Evangeline, 'Adonis,' are all taken from the min-strel stage. For instance, Maffit's Lone Fisherman in 'Evangeline' is Lone Fisherman in 'Evangeline' is taken bodily, business and all, from same character which was first played by Frank Brower with the old iginal Virginia Serenaders Company in the Chestnut-street Theatre in 1845 n the old days there were none of these shows and the minstrel busines had the pick of the best talent. now there are so many of these com-binations on the road that the min

strel business is more restricted.

HARLY DAYS OF MINSTRELSY. "The first minstrel company was o ganized and the first minstrel show was given in 1842. The company wa alled the Virginia Serenaders, and was composed of Dan, Emmett, Billy Whitlock, Joe Sweeney, and Frank Brower. Of the four all are now dead except Dan. Emmett, who is alive and iving comfortably on what he has nade out of the business. His home is Pittsburg, and he lives a very quiet lifon account of his great age. I do not know just how old he is, but I think he is about ninety. The minstrel busi-ness was unknown when the 'Serenaders' started, but the show caught on at once, and the minstrel business made a sudden spring into popularity

and has retained its place in the pub-

"The old style minstrel bands gave very different shows from the kind seen now. In the first part the company used to dress as dandy Northern nimers, and the singing was ballads and songs, much as at present. The second part was made up of plantation scenes and songs, the company being dressed in charkered ships and songs. dressed in checkered shirts and rong dressed in checkered shirts and rough clothes, and singing plantation songs and playing scenes from plantation, life. One of the original ministrals, and mentioned a moment ago, Dan Emmet, was the father of what are called 'walk-arounds.' He is the author of 'Dixie,' the original walk around song, and he first sang it with Bryant's ministrals, The style immediately became popular and had nediately became popular and lessills to day. People will be singing Dixio a hundred years from now.

"The finest company of singers ever seen in this country was Sam Haynes's. Their singing was perfect but there was not enough comedy business in their show and it did no neceed; but as singers they were mag nificent. The two best black-faced but ind singers in the country to-day are John Carneross and Dave Wambold; but none of the songs of to-day equal those written years ago. They fail to touch the hearts of audiences as the old-time songs did. To my taste the finest ballad writer that ever lived is Stephen Foster, the author of 'Old Folks at Home.' It is wonderful how touching some of those old songs

"I have seen audiences wild over some of them when well sung. Will Haves has also written some excellent allads. More recently Frank Howard ms been very successful in this line, and has made a pile of money writing minstrel songs. His greatest success was 'When the Robins Nest Again.' But the modern songs do not hang on as they used to. They run a few months and then die out, while the old songs continue to be song for years. I do not know whether it is secause they are not as good songs of ecause so many more are produced. "A good minstrel man," he con-inued, 'should be funny spontane-

usly, quick witted and able to make his own jokes. Any chump can tell jokes after he has learned them by heart, but it takes a good one to make his jokes on the spur of the moment, but many minstrel men do it. There is one class of minstrel men who make me very tired—it is the men who steal another's jokes. If it is envilling long and not easily remempered, they hire a stenographer to go o the show and steal the joke or tump speech, or whatever it is,

"Well," said the minstrel, "your book is full, and I am tired, and I guess I will stop. It makes me feel blue to talk of the jolly good fellows that have done their turn, made millions laugh, and pass away, and I think, left the world a little happier for their work."

THE WAR RECORDS.

Interesting Correspondence Relative to Their Preservation. Yesterday's New York Heyald's

Vashington special says: The following the letter of Colonel Lazelle, the Compiler of the War Records, to the Secretary of War, recommending the destruction of certain portions of the records of his

"WAR DEPARTMENT.

"WAR DEPARTMENT,
"PUBLICATION OFFICE OF WAR RECORDS,
"WASHINGTON, NOV. 23, 1857.
"Sir: Complying with Instructious contained in your letter of yesterday relating to the character and quantity of old records in this office which can be destroyed or otherwise disposed of, I have the honor to state that the nature of the material referred to no lower required is material referred to no longer required is the printed matter—first and second proofs of volumes of the record already published, and many volumes of a prelimmany print of the record which have been used in office work now no longer required, all copied manuscript of pth-lished volumes—i.e., manuscript papers not original—and the accumulated daily tions extend back to the beginning of the work of the office under act of Congress, and their quantity is probably over a ton in weight. H. M. LAZELLE.

in weight. H. M. LAZELLE.
"Lieutenant-Colonel in Charge. "Lieutenant-Colonel in Charge.
"To the Secretary of War."
The copied manuscripts mentioned in this letter include many thousand pages of the most valuable material selected for the printed volumes. Aside from the great mass of such copies, which represent the selections from the numerous files of the Department, these manuscripts represent all that the Government has in its possession of many of the most interesting and important papers of such officers as General George H. Thomas. General Halleck and others of high rank. Colonel Scott, who formerly had charge of the records, obtained thousands of copies of Confederate papers from the Southern Historical Society and other sources in the South. Included in these is a manuscript copy of the private letter book of General Lee. The recommendation is that, as soon as the volumes which contained these papers are printed, the manuscripts shall be destroyed. These, however, are the vouchers for the accuracy of these printed volumes.

The present confroversy over the question whether unofficial matter has been inserted as official in the last volume of the War Records could not well be settled if the copy from which it was printed earl been destroyed. As a matter of fact, in spite of all the care taken by Colonel Scott, several awkward errors crept into the volumes, and the possession of the manuscripts from which the printing had been done was found to be of great importance in the further examination of the project. "To the Secretary of War."

## ALEXANDER'S BONES.

Have Just Been Found. The statement that the remains of Alexander the Great had been discovered in one of the sarcophagi recently exhumed n the Orient has excited considerable nterest in scientific circles.

ie project.

Tradition has it that the remains of Alexander the Great were interred in a golden coffin, and the coffin is now on exhibition in the British Museum. This, owever, is impossible if the latest story

s true.

A Carrie reporter this morning asked one of the National Museum savants, "Do you credit the report that the remains of Alexander the Great have been mains of Alexander the Great have been mains of the control of the contro and by the expedition sent out by

No. I can hardly say I do. It is possi "No, I can hardly say I do. It is possible that 'She's expedition has found some very ancient sarcophagi, but how are they going to identify Alexander, anyway? You know that 'She was the only person who could possibly identify him, and the sad tragesly in the Chamber of the Pillar of Fire ended her life so suddenly and unexpectedly that she could not impart her knowledge to anyone. No, he continued, 'I cannot say that I have any great faith in the reported discovery.

It is said, however, that Mr. Haggard, the intrepid African explorer, is employed in the compliation of another work, and in it he will, perhaps, contribute some additional facts to the cablegram.

An Old Character Dead.

ington as far back as the oldest inhabi-tant of that section can remember died on Wednesday at the Washington Asylum Hospital, and was buried vester-day at Mount Olivet Cemelery from St. Peter's Church. The old man has been afflicted with a wasting disease which ne-cessitated the amputation of his right foot about a month ago. From his plety and religious bearing he derived the pseudonym of St. Paul. He was 76 years old.

Paul Benson, an old colored man, who has figured as a character in East Wash-